Pat as I told you; yonder ſhe comes. *Enter Thisbie.*

Thiſ. O wall, full often haſt thou heard my mones,
For parting my faire *Piramus*, and me.
My cherry lips haue often kiſt thy ſtones;
Thy ſtones with lime and haire knit now againe.

Pyra. I ſee a voice; now will I to the chinke,
To ſpy and I can heare my *Thisbies* face. *Thisby?*

Thiſ. My Loue thou art, my Loue I thinke.

Pir. Thinke what thou wilt, I am thy Louers grace,
And like *Limander*, am I truſty ſtill.

Thiſ. And I like *Helen*, till the fates me kill.

Pir. Not *Shafalus* to *Procrus*, was ſo true.

Thiſ As *Shafalus* to *Procrus*, I to you.

Pir. O kiſſe me through the hole of this vile wall.

Thiſ. I kiſſe the wals hole, not your lips at all.

Pir. Wilt thou at *Ninnies* toomb meete me ſtraightway?

Thiſ. Tide life, tide death, I come without delay.

Wall. Thus haue I *Wall*, my part diſcharged ſo;
And being done, thus *Wall* away doth goe.

Du. Now is the Moon vſed betweene the two neighbors.

Deme. No remedy, my Lord, when wals are ſo wilfull, to heare without warning.

Dutch. This is the ſillieſt ſtuffe that ere I heard.

Duke. The beſt in this kinde are but ſhadowes, and the worſt are no worſe, if imagination amend them.

Dutch. It muſt be your imagination then, and not theirs.

Duke. If wee imagine no worſe of them then they of themſelues, they may paſſe for excellent men. Heere come two noble beaſts, in a man and a Lyon.

Enter Lyon and Moone-ſhine.

Lyon. You Ladies, you (whoſe gentle hearts do feare
The ſmalleſt monſtrous mouſe that creepes on floore)
May now perchance, both quake and tremble heere,
When Lyon rough, in wildeſt rage doth roare.
Then know that I, as *Snug* the ioyner am

A Lyon fell, nor elſe no Lyons damme,
For if I ſhould, as Lyon come in ſtrife,
Into this place, t'were pitty on my life.

Duke. A very gentle beaſt, and of a good conſcience.

Deme. The very beſt at a beaſt, my Lord, that ere I ſaw.

Lyſ. This Lyon is a very Fox for his valour.

Duke. True, and a Gooſe for his diſcretion.

De. Not ſo my Lord. For his valour cannot carry his diſcretion; and the Fox carries the gooſe.

Duke. His diſcretion I am ſure cannot carry his valour. For the Gooſe carries not the Fox. It is well; leaue it to his diſcretion, and let vs hearken to the Moone.

Moon. This lanthorne doth the horned Moone preſent.

Deme. He ſhould haue worne the hornes on his head.

Duk. He is no creſcent, and his hornes are inuiſible, within the circumference.

Moone. This lanthorne doth the horned Moone preſent,
My ſelfe, the man ith' Moone do ſeeme to be.

Duke. This is the greateſt error of all the reſt; the man ſhould be put into the Lanthorne. How is it elſe the man i'th Moone?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle.
For you ſee, it is already in ſnuffe. (change

Dutch. I am weary of this Moone; would he would

Duke. It appeares by his ſmall light of diſcretion, that he is in the wane: but yet in curteſie, in all reaſon, we muſt ſtay the time.

Lyſand. Proceed Moone.

Moone. All that I haue to ſay, is to tell you, that the Lanthorne is the Moone; I, the man in the Moone; this thorne buſh, my thorne buſh, and this dog, my dog.

Deme. Why all theſe ſhould bee in the Lanthorne: for they are in the Moone. But ſilence, heere comes *Thisby*.

Enter Thisby.

Th. This is old *Ninies* toomb: wher's my loue? *Lyon.* Oh